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club INTERNATIONAL

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SPRING CHICKS

WHAT AN AGONY AUNT THINKS OF YOU

SECRETS OF A FRENCH BROTHEL

LINZI'S MILITARY COO!

HUMOUR OF MAX BOYCE

NUDE DISCO DANCING

club Biker

INTO

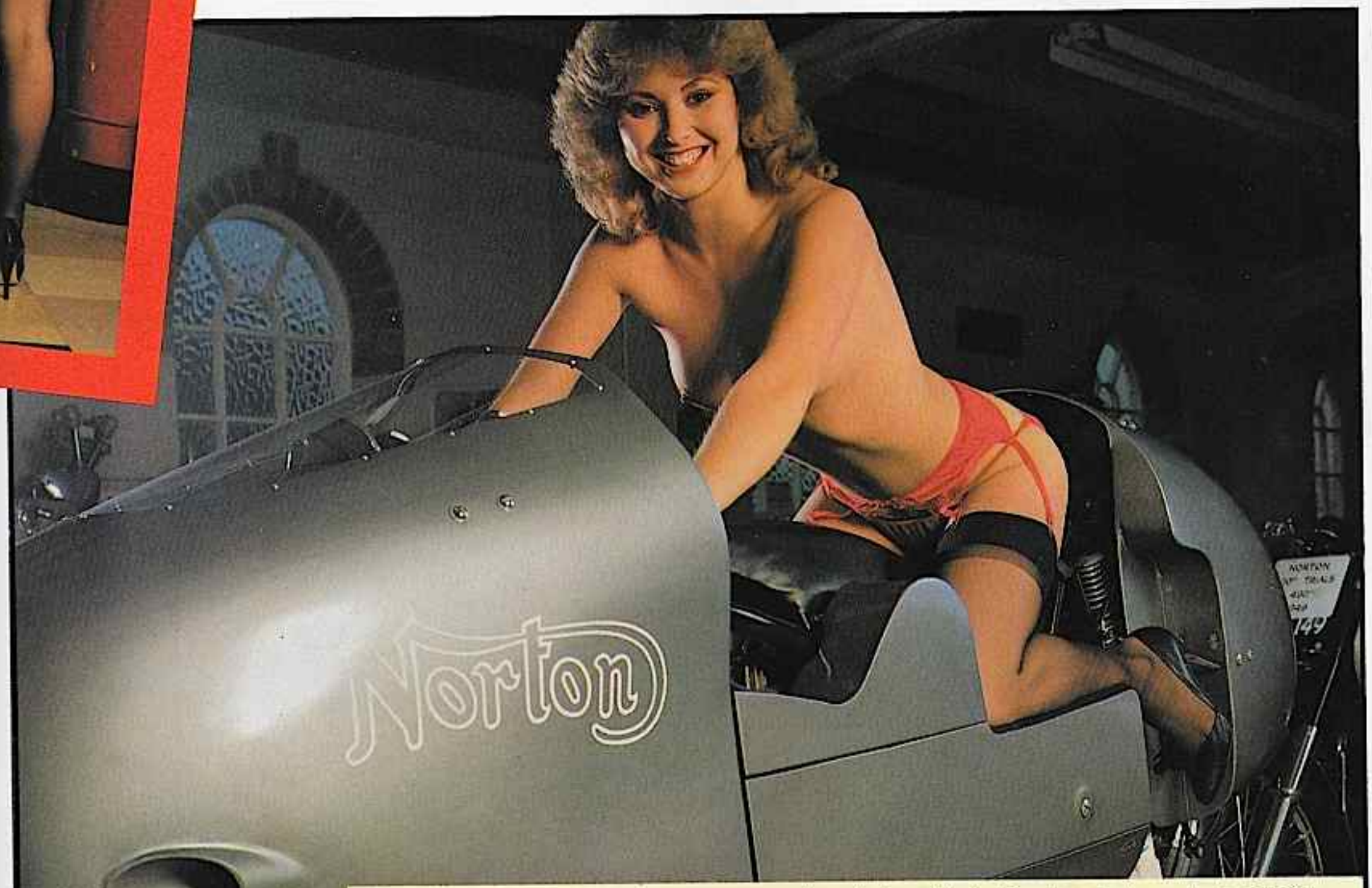
club Biker

Not a sight you'd see in the days of this 249cc 1937 Velocette GTP. Why? Well, there weren't any self-service petrol pumps then, were there?

Stunned admiration of one of the biggest – and most spectacular – bikes ever made; the 1296cc Indian.

Elliott gets to grips with McKenzie. Actually, I felt safer on the Yamaha FJ1100!

Getting a lift in the Clyno from Sammy, who looks well-chuffed with his latest acquisition.



One of the prime exhibits in the museum, the priceless Norton Kneeler. And, yes, I was careful where I put my high heels!

Sammy to get the engine fired up, we were off! And although I might have been dressed to take to the skies, the 'Wee Mac' wasn't about to take off . . . it's so slow, a Honda Express would leave it for dead! But at least it did give girls some independence, and it would probably have been quite a convenient little runaround on the much less-crowded roads of 60 years ago. It finally disappeared from the scene in 1925.

A 1922 Clyno sidecar outfit had just arrived for restoration on the day of our visit, and Sammy was keen to try it out. He asked me along for the ride, and great fun it was, too – much less hairy than Derek Bayley's racing outfit that I had a brief spin on at Silverstone last year!

Built To Last

This 1000cc V-twin was everyday transport for the proverbial 'man in the street', and it was obviously built to last because it's still going like a train. As Club's Editor, Dave, is always saying whenever the words 'Royal Enfield' are mentioned, they don't make 'em like they used to.

I'm really glad I've been to look at these 'old timers'. It's the first time I've had a chance to see 'in the flesh' many bikes I'd only ever read about or, in some cases, never even heard of. Even better, they're not cocooned behind glass cases or roped off; every bike is available for close inspection, and they certainly merit it.

You'll find Sammy and his staff helpful and knowledgeable when it comes to the hundreds of questions everyone wants answered about the inhabitants of this Aladdin's Cave. I have only one: who wants to swap an autographed copy of Club International for an immaculate Vincent Rapide?

Many thanks to Sammy Miller for his kind assistance. The Sammy Miller Museum is based at Gore Road, New Milton, Hampshire. It is open every day throughout the summer, and Saturdays and Sundays only from October to March.

Bobby

Photographs by Colin James

club catwalk

Lots of designers like to describe their creations as 'individual', but the range of *Kahniverous*-designed clothes deserve that label more than most.

And it's a look which has attracted the attention – and the cheque books – of stars from the world of TV and pop.

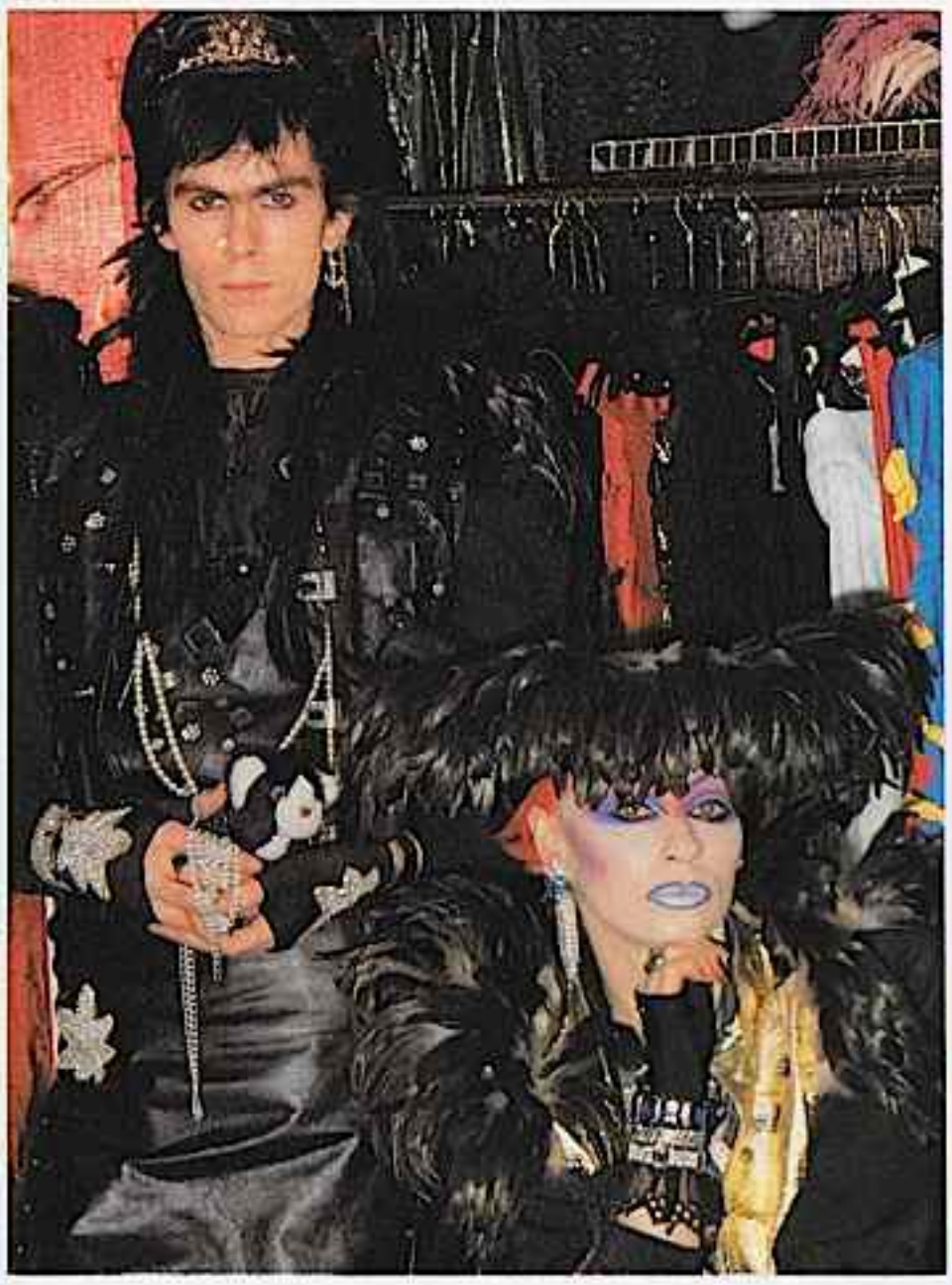
The items featured in this month's *Catwalk* unmistakably carry the trademark of the designer (see panel), the Mae West dress being a classic example of the *Kahniverous* love of anything with a hint of drama or chic. It costs £138. The flamboyant matching beret is £45, the motif gloves £10.50.

Equally dramatic is the leather breast shield, set off perfectly by the leather cap and cowl scarf (£102, £58 and £5.50 respectively). But if you want another outfit to wear with the hat, the black lace-up tights (£41.50) and dress (£35) should do very nicely.

The dog? Well, he looks a bit on the fierce side to us, but have a look through the 'Pets For Sale' column of the local paper if he's your cup of tea.

All clothes available from *Kahniverous*, Hyper Hyper, 26-40 Kensington High Street, London W8 and The Great Gear Market, 85 King's Road, London SW3. Underwear from Celia Dewes, also at Hyper Hyper.

Photographs by Janet Worth

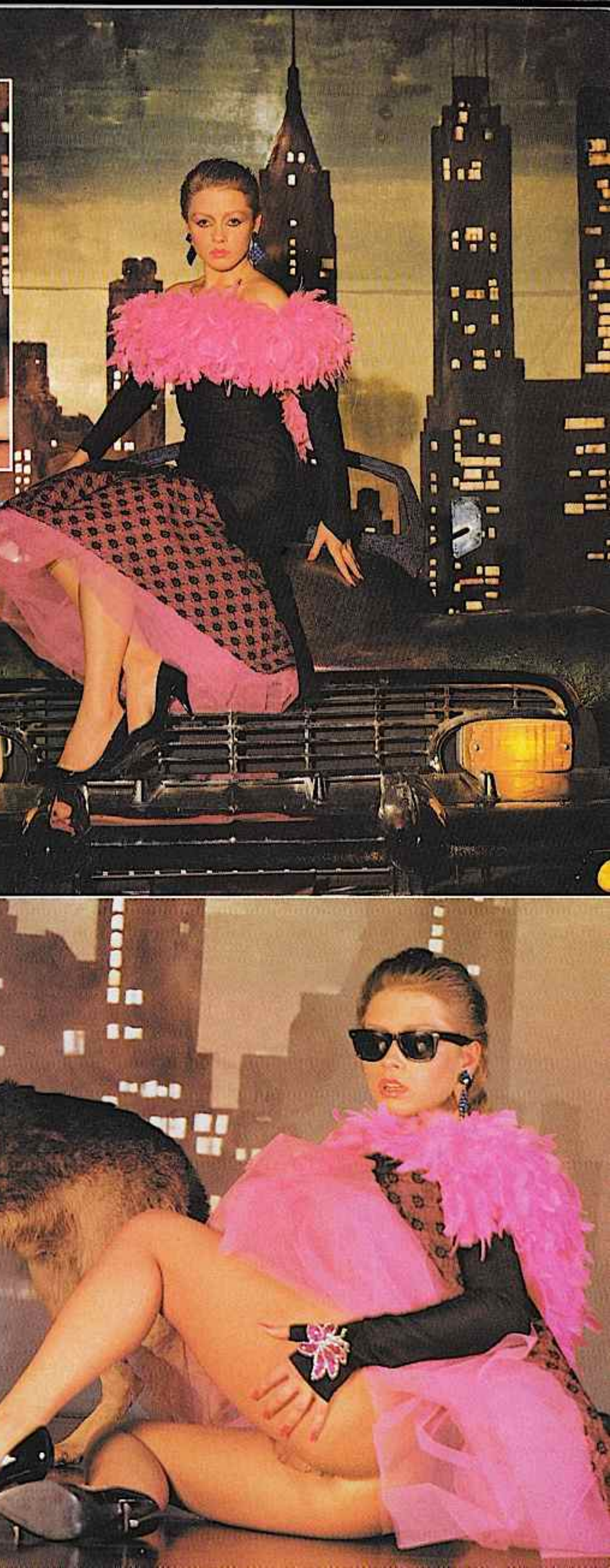


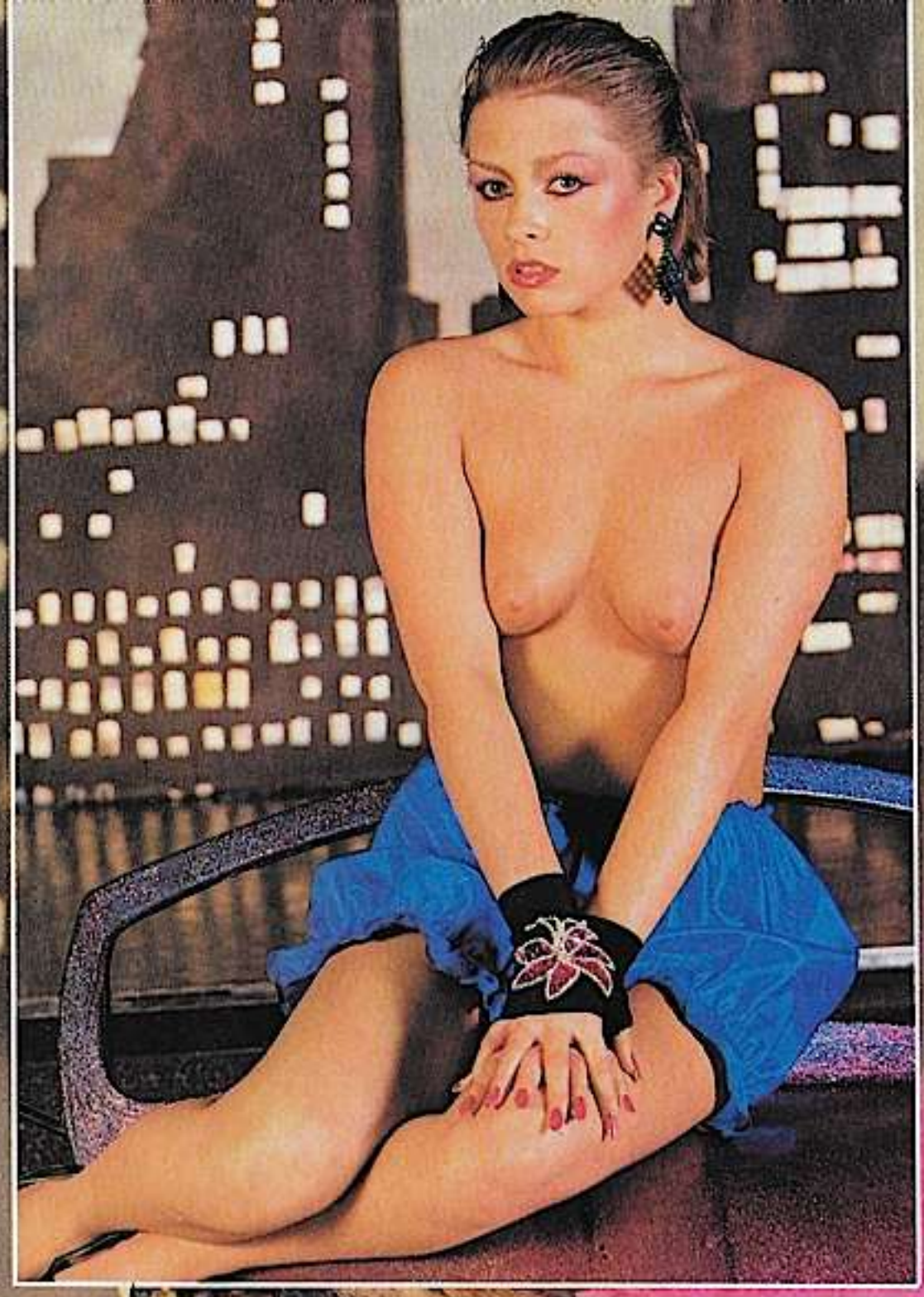
The Designer

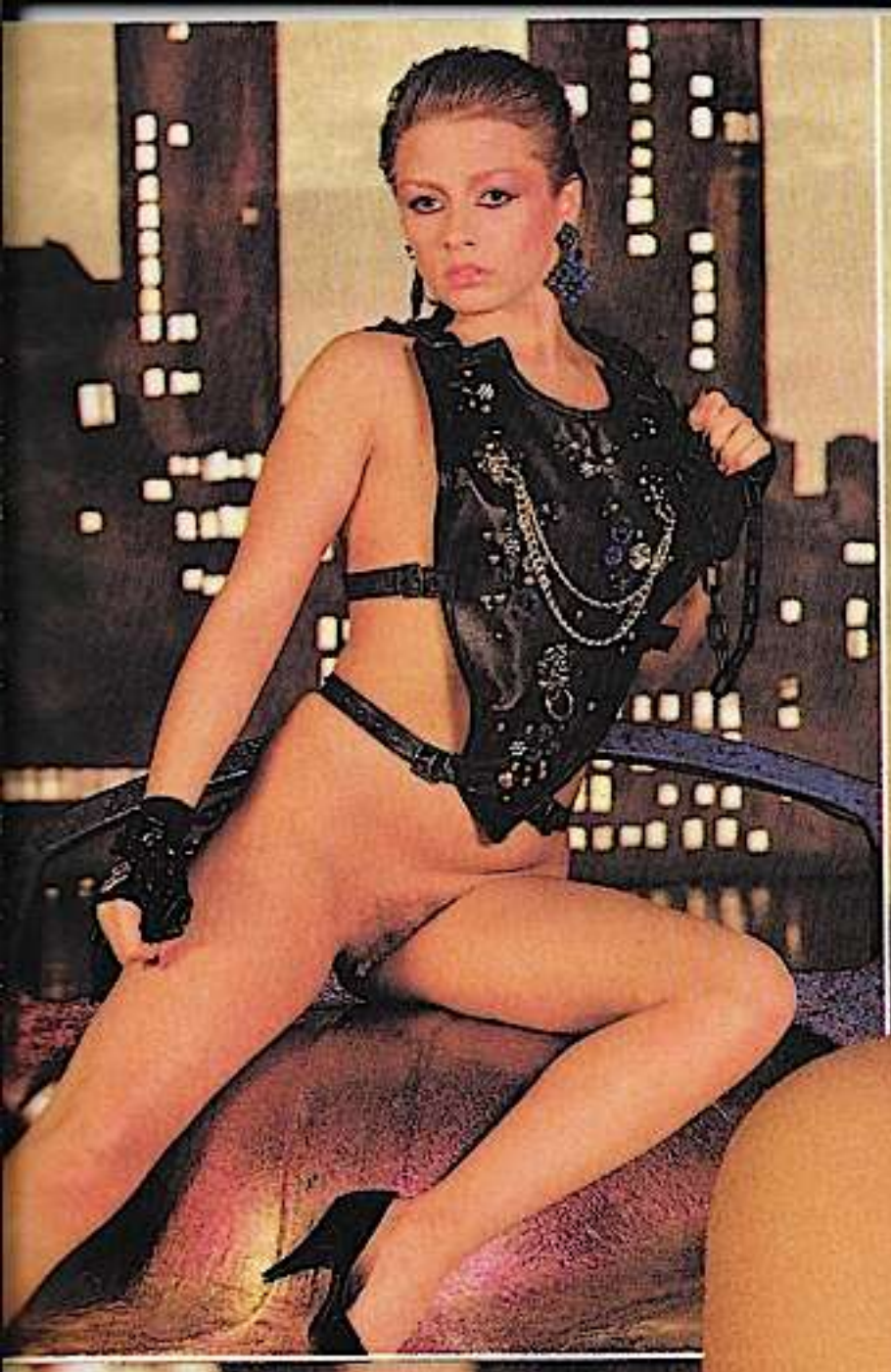
Jane Kahn is the name behind the label. A graduate of both Portsmouth College of Art and Birmingham Polytechnic Art and Design Centre, she started *Kahniverous* in 1983 in London's King's Road, adding another branch in Kensington High Street late last year.

A highly individual designer, she admits her creations are purely self-indulgent: Jane's desire to create garments which are entirely self-expressive force all other considerations to take a back seat, although the company logo of 'Fashion for all Sexes' certainly applies.

Her partner, who came into the fold at the opening of the Kensington High Street branch, is 'Tokky the Tart' (also pictured), a trained mime and recording artist.







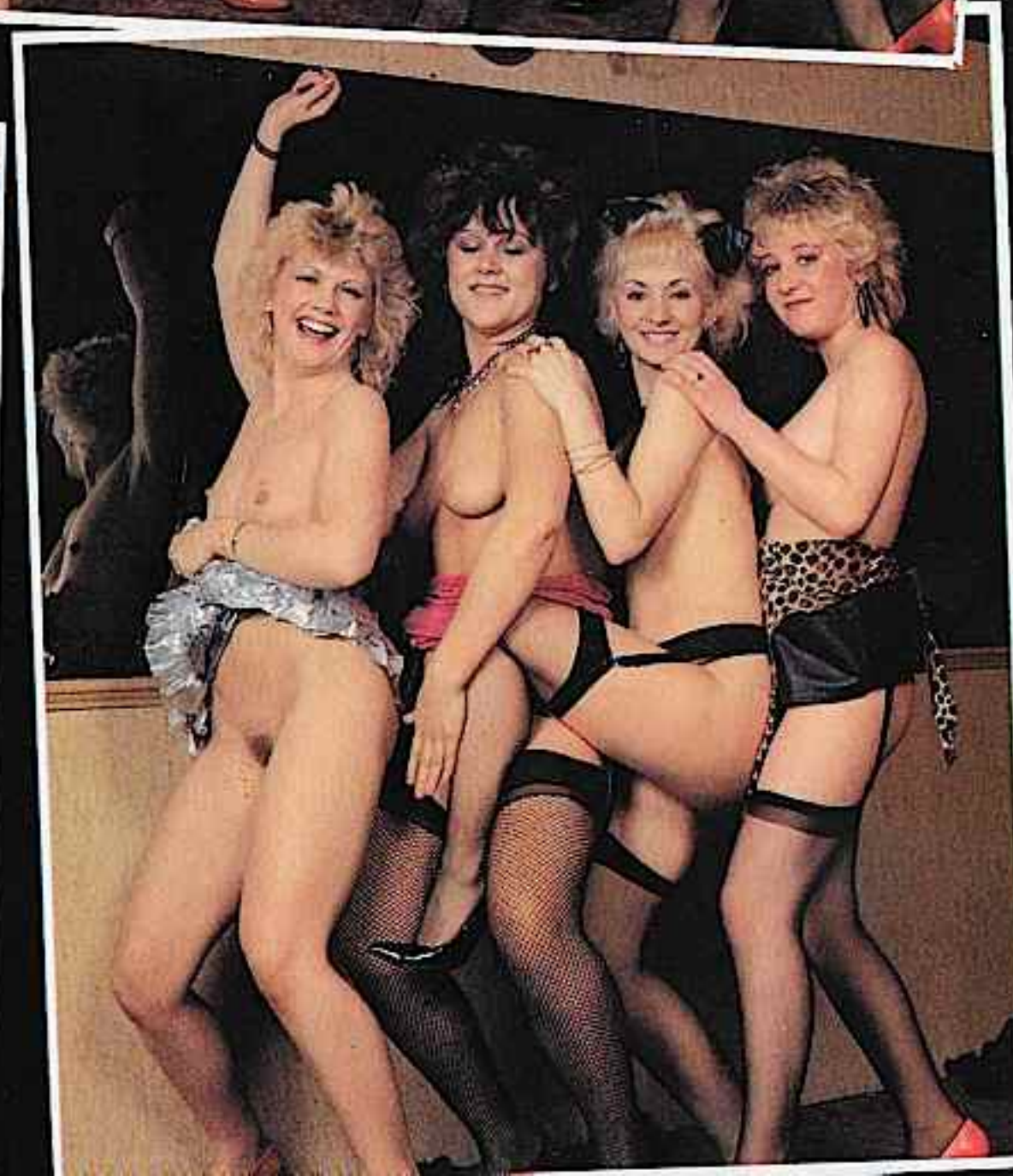
club Event

Have you ever forced yourself to watch these so-called disco-dancing competitions on television? Bloody awful, aren't they?

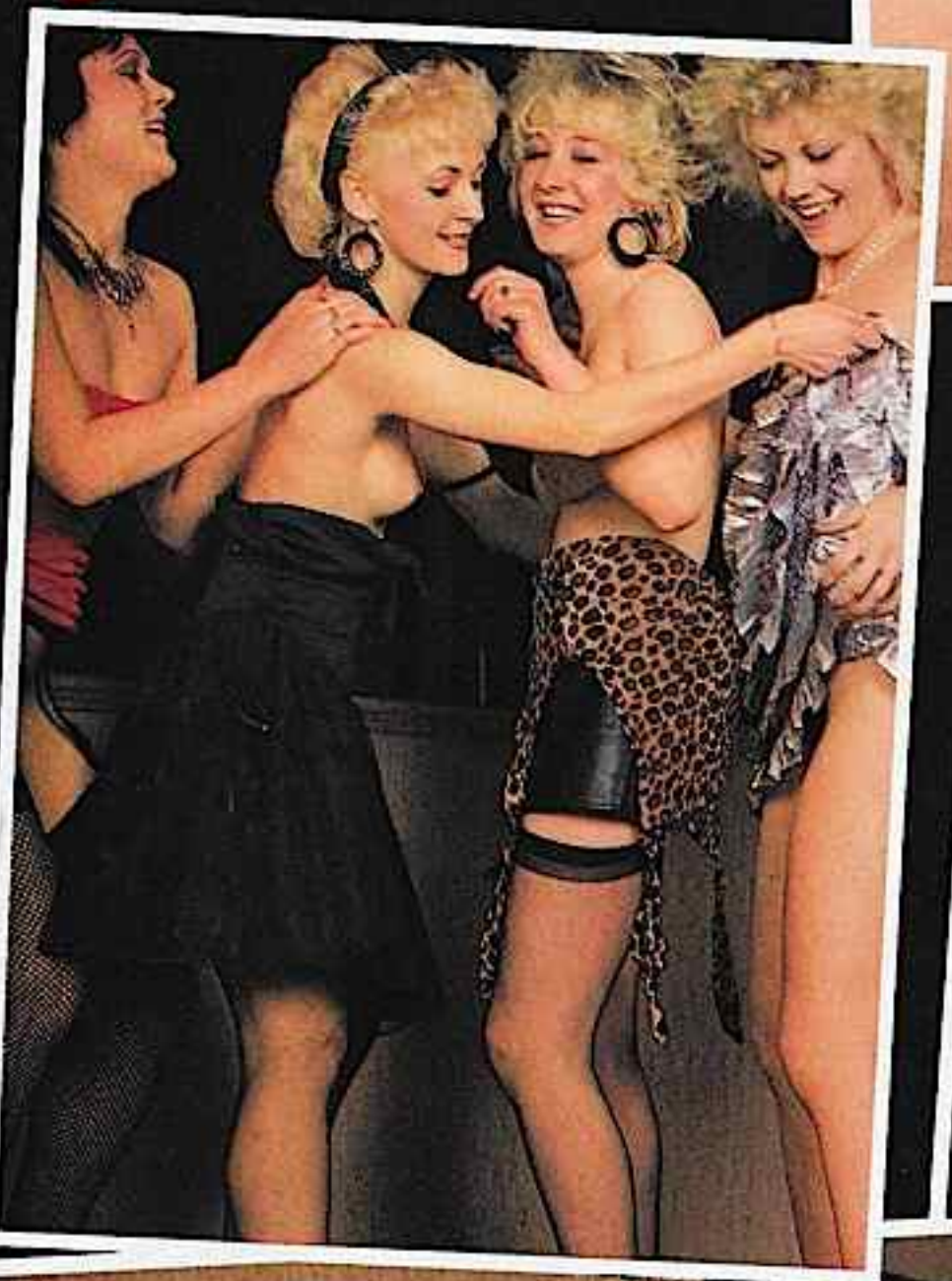
Well, we at Club are proud to present the event the TV cameras daren't show; the event where hairy-chested medallion men with silk shirts and tight sequinned trousers are thankfully conspicuous by their absence.

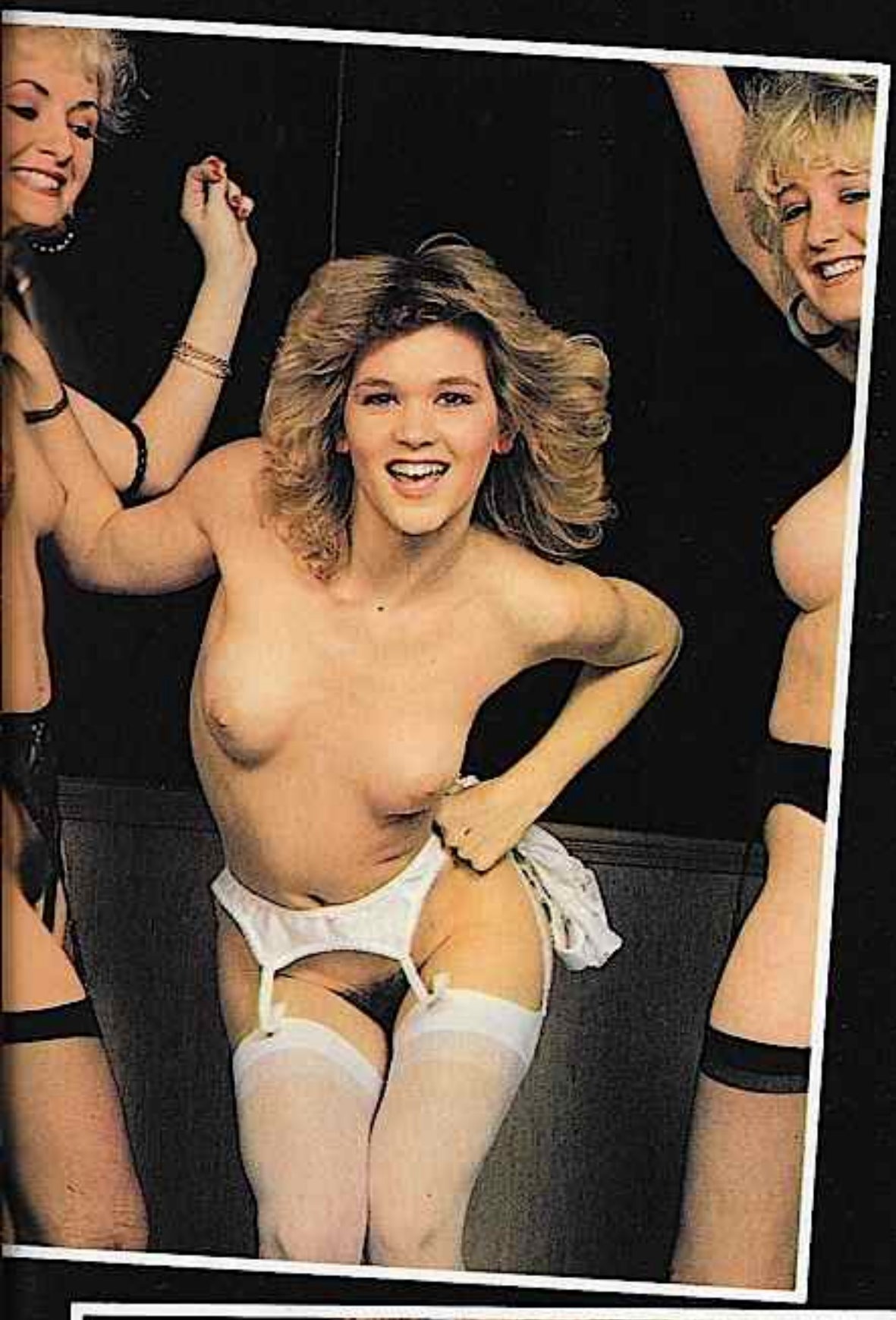
What we have here is Miss Disco-dancing (Club-style) 1985, for which the only rule was, bearing in mind our previous experiences, that anything goes.

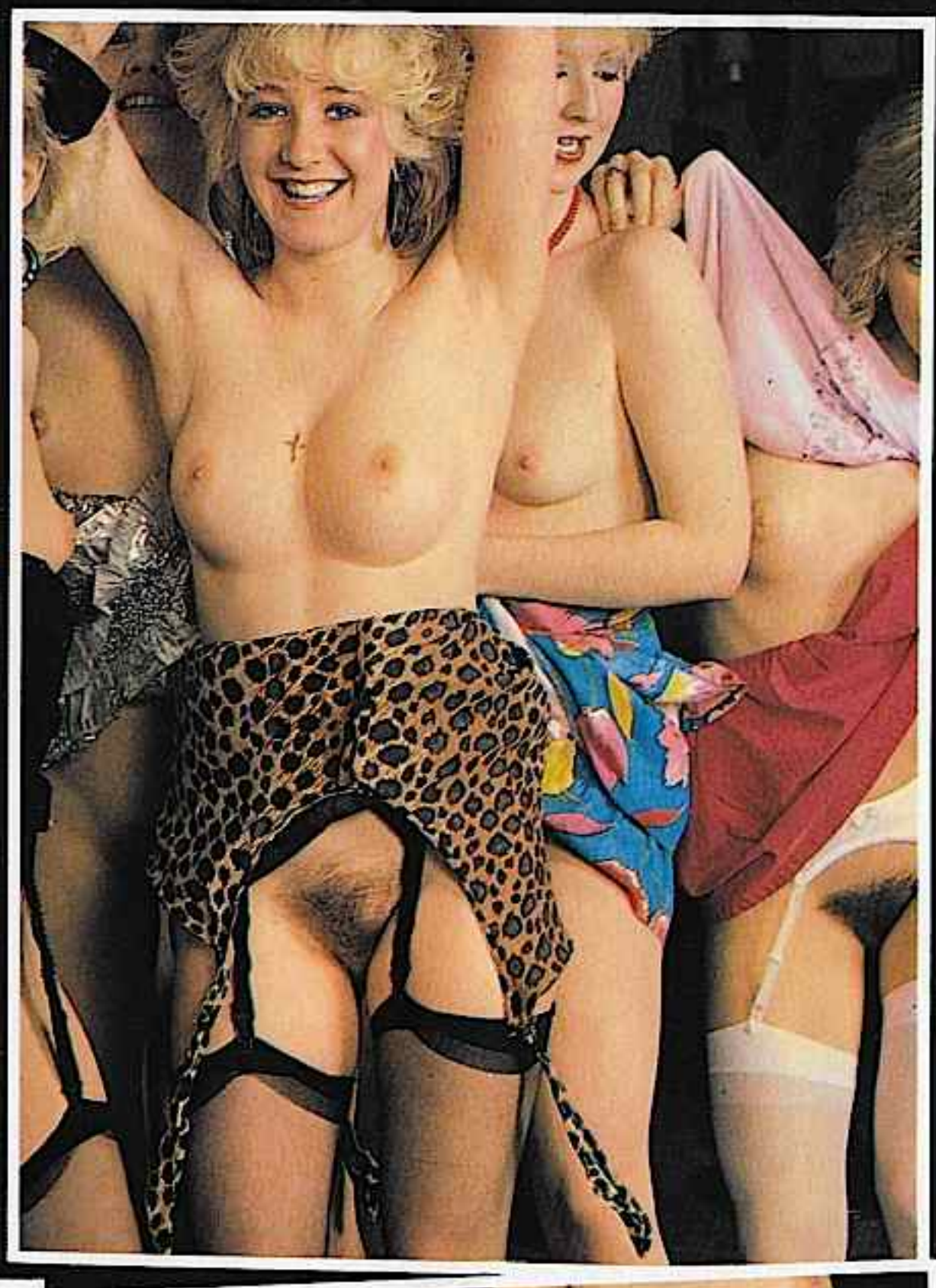
For once, the girls actually obeyed the rules . . .

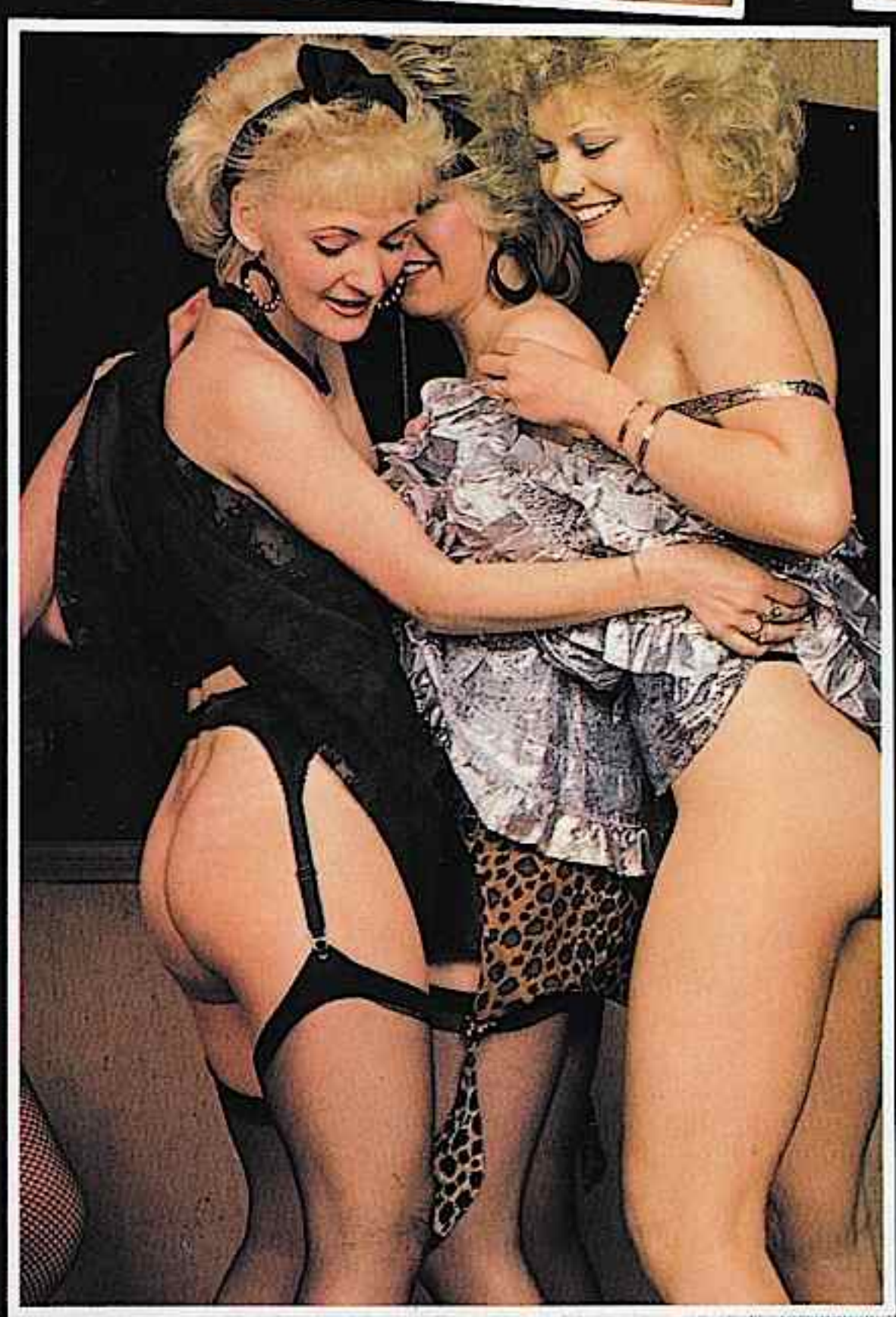


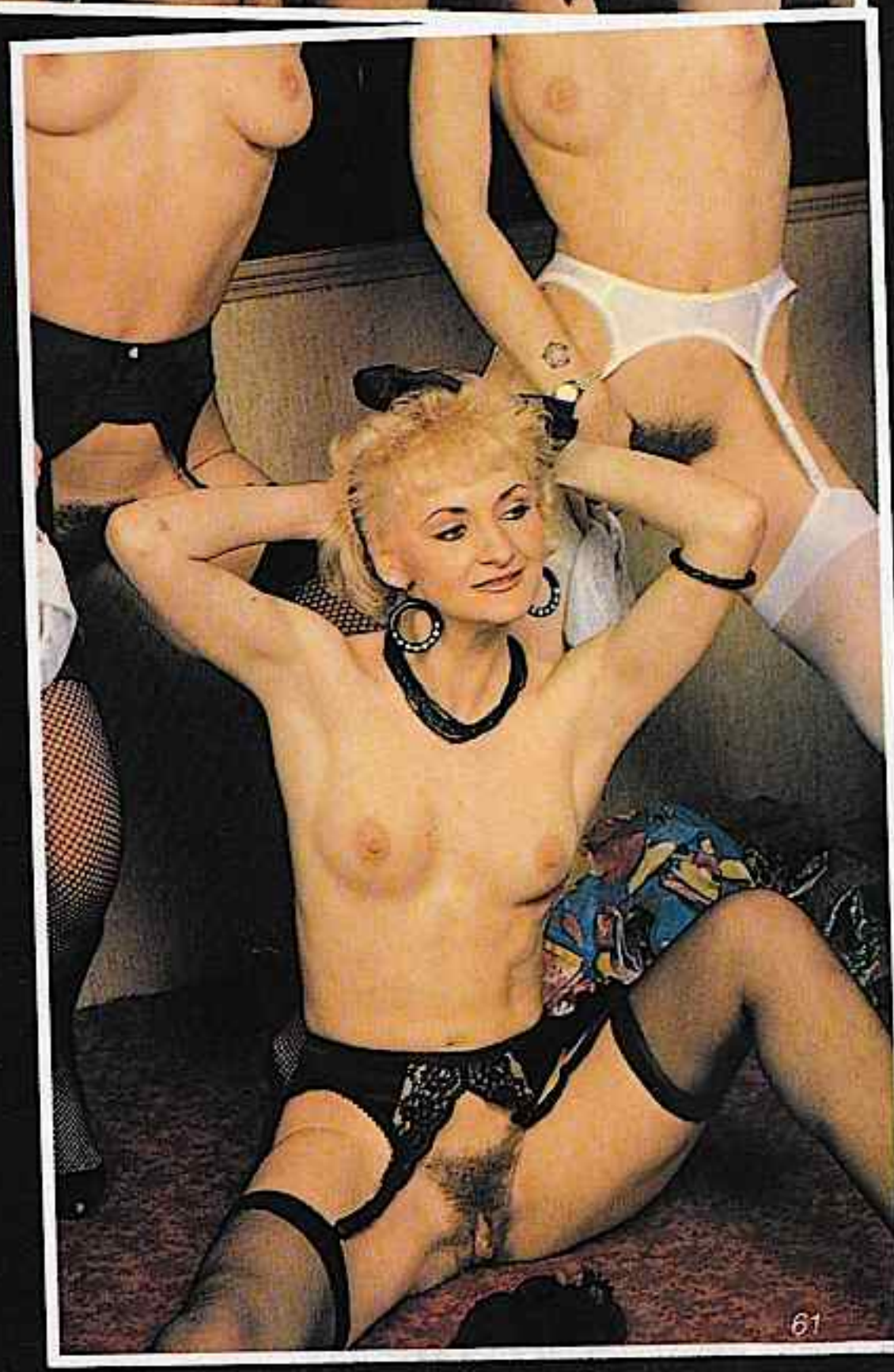
club Event











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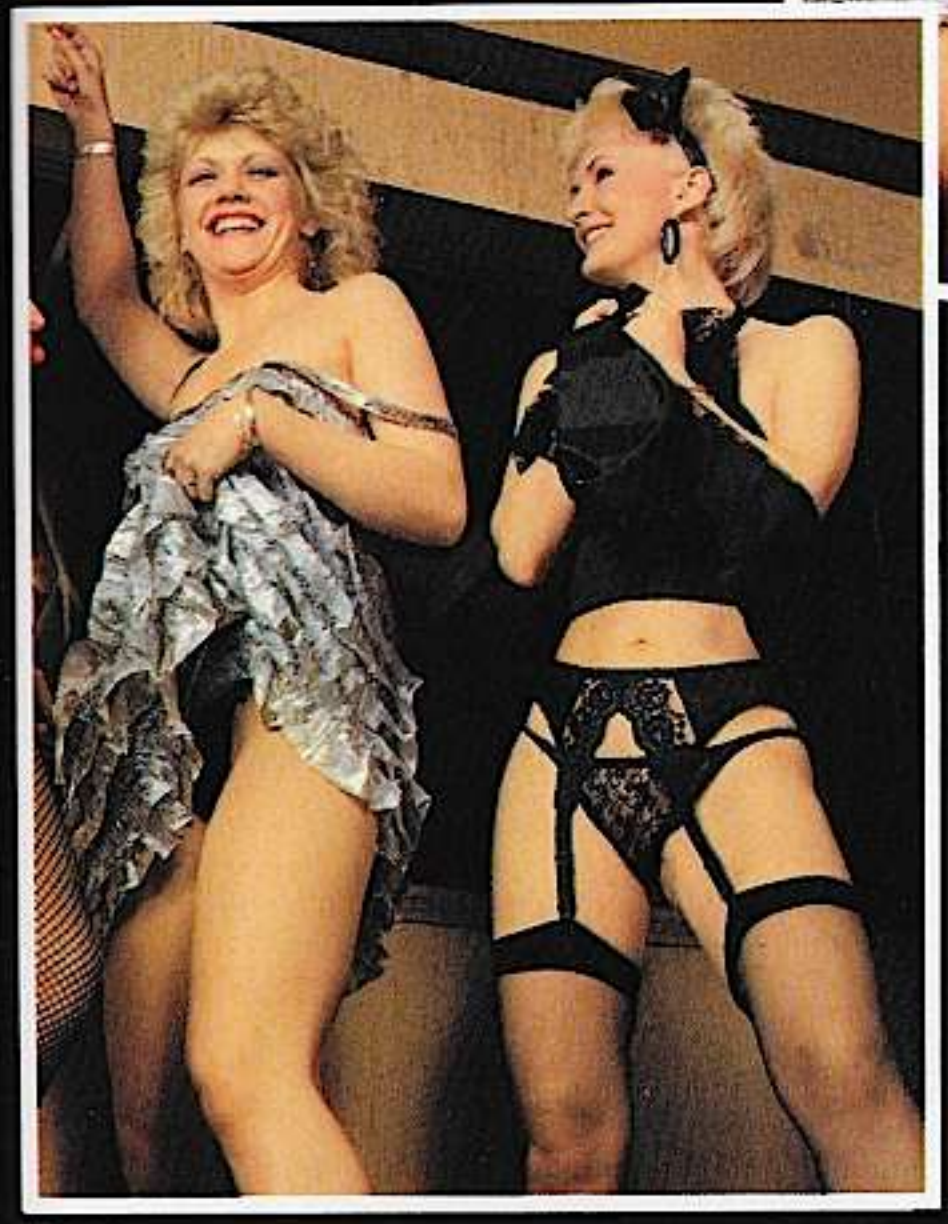
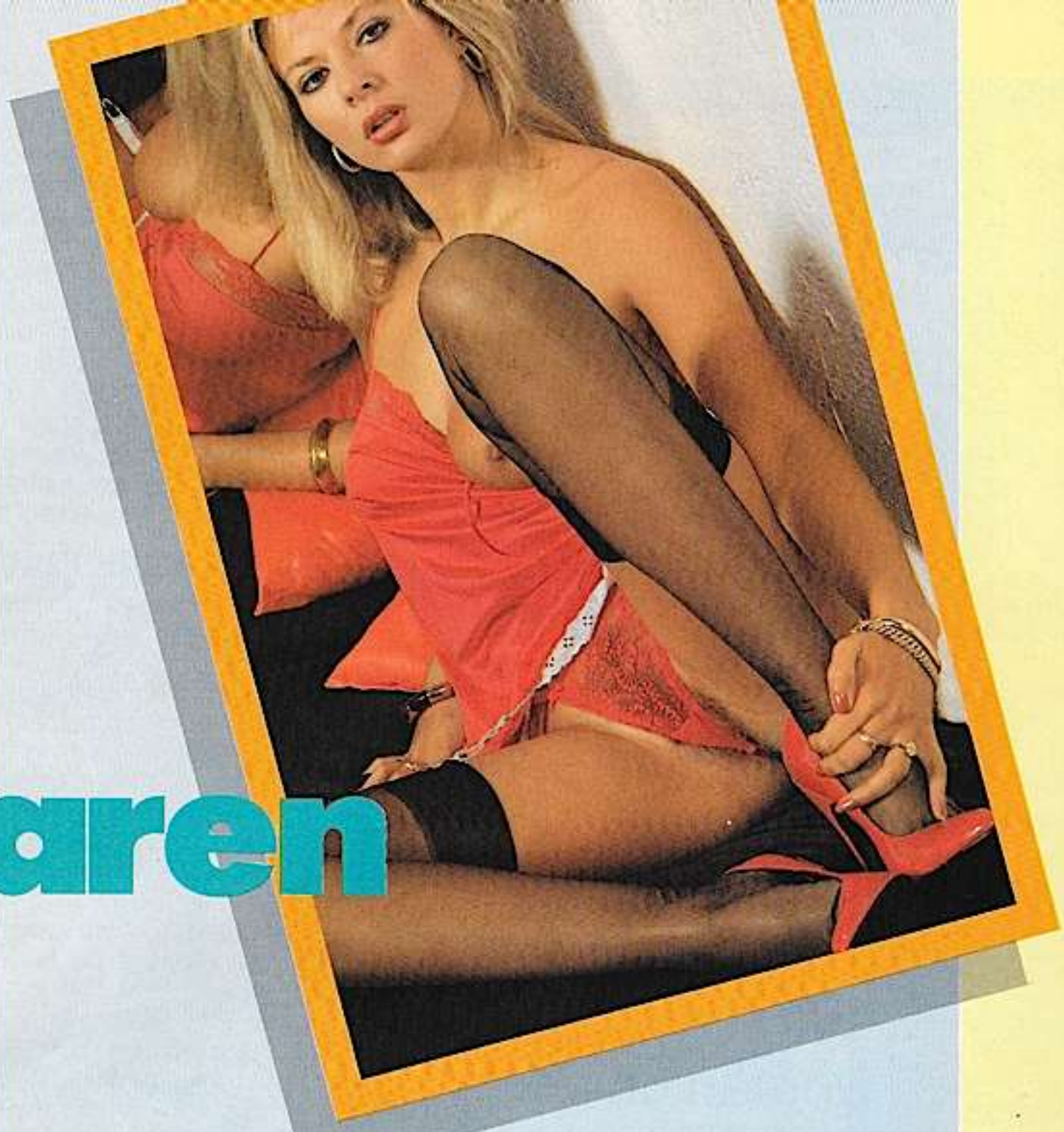


Photographs by Serge Jacques

Karen



club

KELLY

Photographs by Colin James

LIFE WITH Lisa

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

Full of the joys of spring, I decided I'd go the whole hog and decorate my flat this year, instead of doing my usual bit of spring cleaning. Luckily I was swamped with offers of help from my hunky male friends. Mind you, it's been a slow old process, as I tend to get distracted by tight jeans and rippling muscles and end up screwing here, there and everywhere!

One of the best new places I've discovered for a fun fuck is on my newly-installed spiral staircase. I was busy painting it, leaning right over with my ass stuck up in the air, wearing just an old shirt, when Tommy, my staircase fitter, caught a glimpse of my bare pussy winking down at him! Very quickly, his warmed-up willy was winking back! I was happily painting away, concentrating on my brush strokes, when I happened to turn around to see what all the grunting was about – and there was Tommy pulling his plonker with a devilish grin on his face! I thought I'd better give him a hand, so I crawled down the steps and took his bulging cock in my mouth.

I sucked and sucked on his lovely cock until his warm, sticky spunk exploded in my mouth, and trickled down my face. I was feeling very horny by now, so I was really hoping he was good for a little more fucking around. I was determined to keep him well and truly interested, so I climbed back up the staircase, ass stuck high in the air once again: this time intentionally!

I arched my back, pushing my pussy up and out so he could see my wet, glistening lips. That seemed to have the desired effect. He crawled up the staircase on his hands and knees and began to lick me greedily. He opened my pussy lips and sunk his tongue deep inside, which made me squirm in delight. I felt his two fingers pushing inside me, rubbing me expertly in just the way I like it and I began to come in my usual noisy fashion.

Wonderful Quickie

Just as I was coming, he pushed his thick cock in me and began to fuck me doggy-style. I was clinging on to the top of the staircase, totally engrossed in this wonderful quickie, when I realized I was holding on to the paintwork I'd just been so diligently working on! I was enjoying a good hard fucking – far too much to do anything about it – although I was laughing my head off as we both climaxed together, me covered in sticky white paint as well!

Tommy, who did such a fantastic job (on me, and the flat!), set off back to his spiral staircase company, with a very big grin on his face, leaving me to clear up the mess – typical! Mind you, I was grinning too!

Nude Tiling

After that fun afternoon with a new acquaintance, I invited an old flame, Kim, round to help me decorate my bathroom. I wanted to have mirror tiles all over the bathroom wall, as it not only makes the room look bigger, but it's also very sexy to watch yourself or your invited guests lathering up. Kim forgot to bring any old working clothes, so as he didn't want to make a mess of his gear, he was tiling nude!

Eventually, I did get around to doing a little decorating myself, in between rumping and my busy modelling schedule. I'm a dab hand at stripping, wallpapering and painting, you know. It makes quite a change from my usual form of stripping! When I get to work with the old scraper, I get absolutely covered. I'm even worse with paint, and somebody always rings me

Photographs by James Cassidy and Ian Potter

LIFE WITH Linzi

up just as I'm pasting up my wallpaper! But it is so nice when you put your newly-decorated rooms back together and christen them with a fuck – on your new carpet, couch, or over the bath, complete with mirror tiles.

Once the flat was all back together again,. I moved my lovely four-poster bed up to my new attic bedroom, and Club International sent round this yummy-looking photographer, James, to suss it out for some Club piccies. This was our first meeting and I must say, I was most impressed – what a hunk! This could be great fun, I thought – it's been quite a while since I had a good dirty scene with a photographer (a few weeks at least). I decided to play it cool and wait and see what fun we could have on the actual photo session. We seemed to get on very well at our initial meeting, and we arranged to do the session the following afternoon. Not too long for lusty Linzi to wait!

He arrived looking just as delightful, armed with a couple of bottles of wine, tight, tight jeans and his cameras, all ready to go! Firstly we had the job of removing my two naughty doggies, Junior and Baby, who had taken a liking to the bed, and kept creeping in to all the photos for a snooze. Once they were out of shot, I began to

pose seductively on my pretty brass bed. I must have looked warm, wet and willing, 'cos after just one roll of film, James came and sat down by me on the bed.

'Are you always that turned on when you have your picture taken?' I didn't answer, I just laughed and gave him a huge wet smacker on the lips.

'I think I've got your drift,' he murmured as he began to unzip his tantalizingly tight trousers. It gives me a real kick when a guy unbuttons his flies and his cock pops out, ready for action. I was feeling really naughty, and thought a little dirty talk would get me even more excited.

'What a beautiful big cock you've got. I'd like to suck its big swollen head until you spunk right in my mouth. Would you like that, James?'

He was well into all this smutty talk and answered: 'I want to pull open your pussy lips, and lick out every bit of your juices.' God, I was nearly coming at the thought!

'I think you'd better fuck me before I rape you, you horny little bastard,' I laughed, as I began to pull off his jeans.

He had a lovely-shaped cock and really big balls (goodness, I'm at it again: this dirty talk is really getting me at it!). Anyway, back to the naughty bits. This guy was something else. He was so randy, we didn't get the photo session finished until the following day. After a delicious, early-morning fuck and a good bath, we managed to get it together (for the photos, I mean!). I do hope you like them!

Last week, I think I did my most unusual job *ever*. It was in a large department store in Watford. I was supposed to be a saucy shoplifter who stripped off for the store boss after I was apprehended. Whew! It was very weird, actually, because I was removed from the store by their real store detectives and taken up to an interrogation room where I was to meet the manager, who didn't know the whole thing was a wind-up. All the rest of the staff were videoing his reactions in the next room, having a whale of a time, while I felt like a proper thief!

Strip Search

The manager seemed absolutely terrified when I pleaded my innocence, and asked him to strip search me! He wouldn't so I had to strip myself, and beg him to come to some sort of agreement. There I was, chasing him around his office in my sexy black undies, until finally I was naked, sprawled all over his desk. Meanwhile, he dialled desperately for assistance!

This whole scenario went on for a full half-hour, until the rest of the gang burst in laughing. The boss was so flabbergasted, he didn't even utter one word or laugh about it. I thought

LIFE WITH Linzi

he was actually going to faint. I think I should have won an Oscar for that performance, you know!

Talking of being arrested, or very nearly, reminds me of the time when I went to a village in Wales to appear in a saucy video called *Cockney Rebel Special*. What a great time was had by all – until we were arrested, of course!

The guy who was making this film was a jeweller in a tiny village. He so enjoyed the *Electric Blue*-type videos, he decided to hire all the right people, and make one for himself. Apart from the wacky camera crew, there were eight girls and four guys acting in the film. Most of these people were already friends of mine, although if they weren't before, we didn't take long to get acquainted!

The four guys were all playing robbers who had just committed a robbery on a security van. They took refuge in a big old house where us eight models were in the middle of a photographic session. The modelling stopped and all manner of naughty scenes followed. The girls played hard to get at first, but we all had a little plan; we fucked all the boys senseless and then ran off with their loot! Quite a happy ending, eh? Until, that is, nosey neighbours thought Dennis, our friendly Welsh jeweller, was just a little bit too flash for their liking, and decided to report us to the police for making porn!

Kinky Items

It was quite amusing when the local boys in blue raided the studio where we were just finishing off by shooting some stills for the cover. There were dozens of them, probably the whole of the local police force! Well, after all, we *were* such a dangerous bunch! One of the officers searched my bag, which happened to be full of my scanty undies, so he took these

'kinky' items away as evidence.

Anyway, we were taken down to the station to make a statement. I was surprised to see a nude calendar on the wall, featuring three of the models he was trying to arrest!

Of course, we weren't arrested, as the video was far too tame for porn, yet these village bobbies were getting all hot under their collars when I gave them my statement of the steamy goings-on. Yet nothing we were doing on the camera was very explicit at all, so they had to let us go. Mind you; I didn't tell them what went on when we *weren't* shooting!

Well, chaps, after that arresting little story, I must love you and leave you. Thanks very much for your letters. I received so many nice letters after I dressed up in uniform for you, the Ed and I have decided to make it a regular feature in Club. Hope you like our first uniform striptease; Linzi the ATS girl! Until next time, look after it, lads!

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I loved the pics of you in uniform (Club Vol 13 No 11). I had the traffic warden one mounted and framed. I can't wait to see more. How about trying some 3D shots too?

When I was looking at a 3D feature in a rock mag I read, I immediately thought how good it would be to see you in 3D. So do us all a big favour and speak to the Ed about it. *Ian, Leicester*
I'll see what I can do about those 3D pics, Ian. I'll speak to the Ed.

Dear Linzi,
I wonder if you could answer a few questions about yourself? Firstly, what size are your tits? Secondly, do you suck men off, and if so what does it feel like when they come in your mouth? Thirdly, do you masturbate? If so what do you think about when you do it and how often do you do it?

I am 35, single, no girlfriend and I live on my own. I masturbate every day at least twice. Is this too much? All the sex I have had has been at sauna parlours and so on.

I sometimes dress up in girls' underclothes to get my relief, or I masturbate nude in front of the mirror. My penis is eight inches long when hard. Does size matter?

I'd also like to know what is your favourite position for sex. Do you like it on your back, on top or doggy style?

John Shakeshaft, Leeds
With a name like Shakeshaft I'm not surprised you masturbate twice a day! I have a wonderful vibrator called Nobby. But I don't use it too often as I do prefer a good fuck. If you keep reading my column you should soon learn all about my preferences.

Dear Linzi,
I wank myself off something silly over the photos of your beautiful sexy body. The trouble is though the spunk makes the pages stick together and I have to buy another copy. I don't mind though, as I get another look at that glorious body of yours.

It does become a bit of a financial strain, mind you, as I end up buying a third copy because I make the same thing happen again. I just can't stop myself wanking all over those pictures of your gorgeous body.

I love everything about you and your body, Linzi. Especially your beautiful well-rounded bottom and your superb, well shaped, firm-looking breasts.

Your pussy is the most appetisingly chewable, suckable pussy I've seen in ages. I could lick and suck you out for hours as I adore the taste and smell of pussy. To me the sight, smell and taste of pussy is the greatest aphrodisiac in the world. After a pair of tits that is.

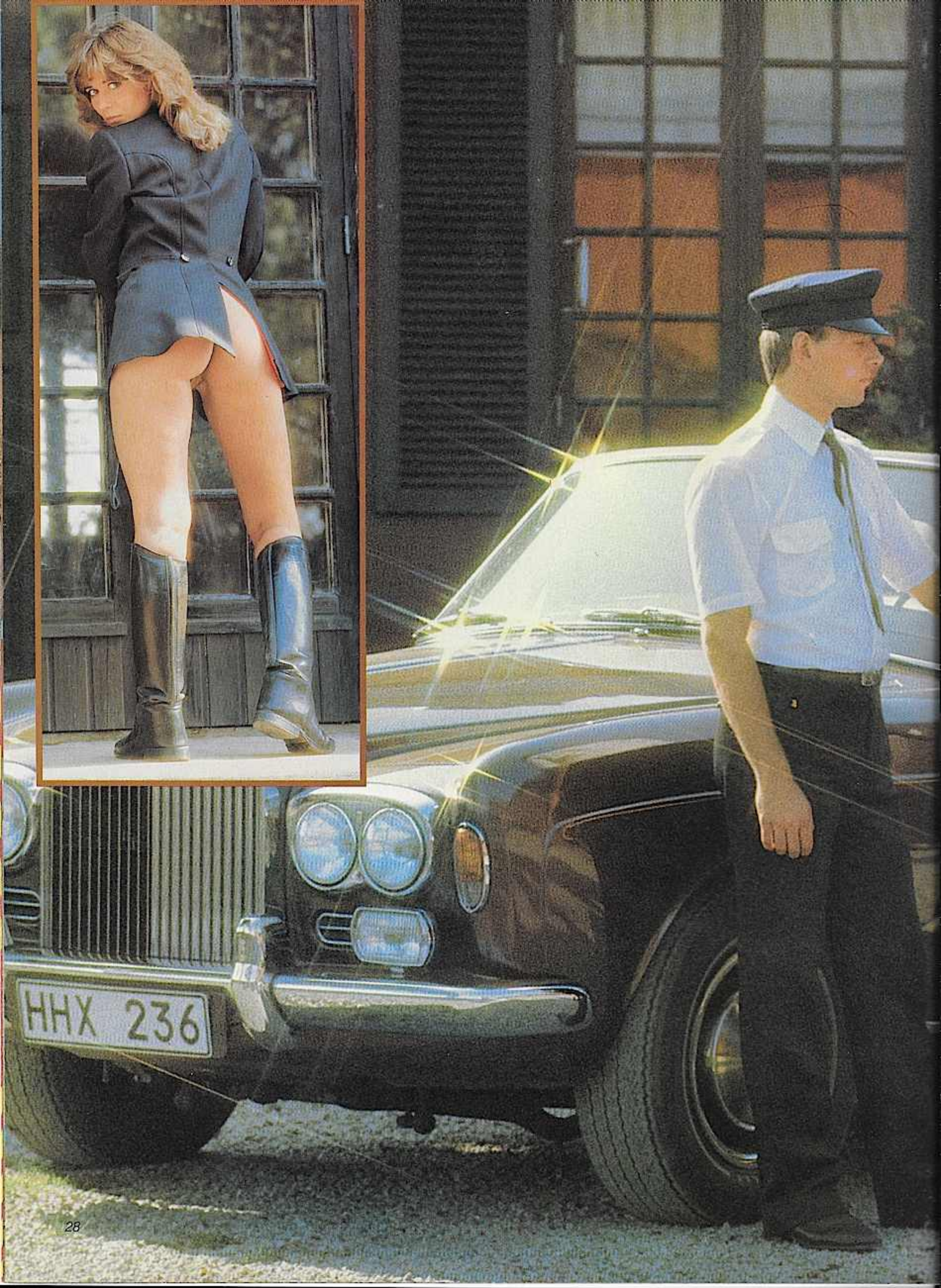
I'm a tit man and I just adore yours. I like nothing more than having my cock tossed off between a pair of tits, then watching the woman licking the spunk from them.

I always come very profusely. Also I'm a repeater. None of which is doing me much good at the moment as I don't have a regular girl. In fact I haven't had a girlfriend for over a year, so you can guess I'm pretty frustrated.

I wank on average about eight

SAM

Photographs by Colin James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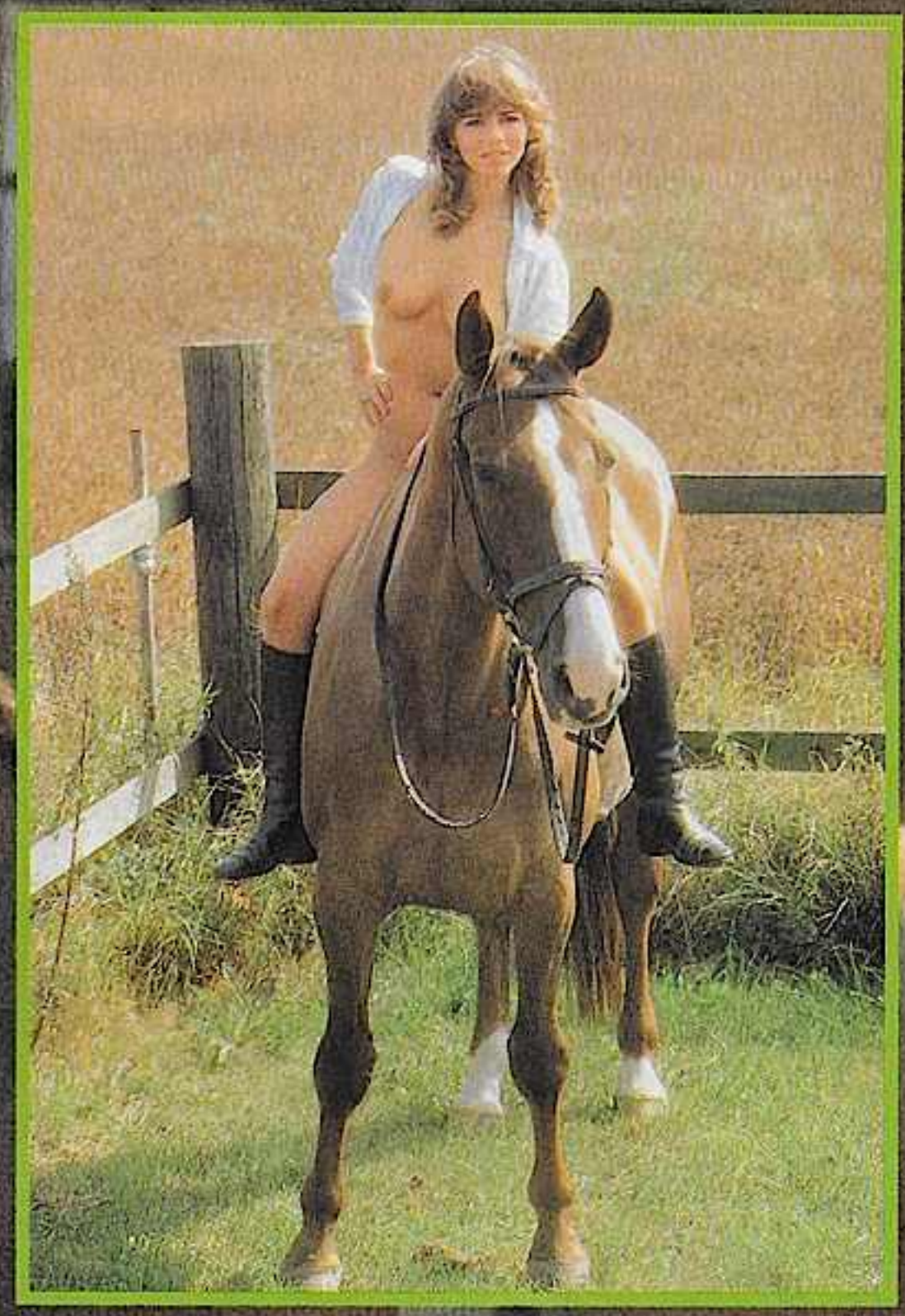

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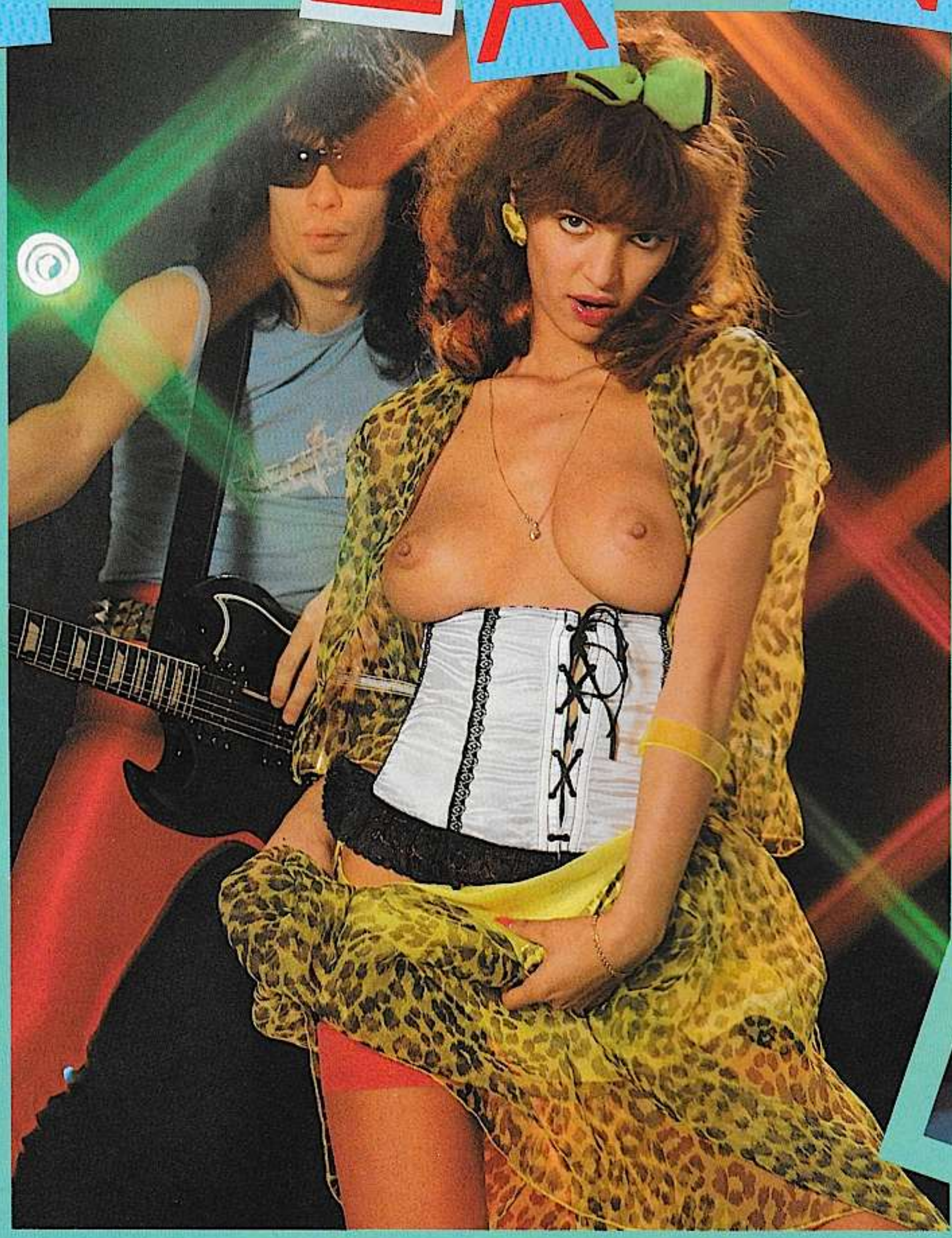

Photographs by Serge Jacques